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THOMAS C ZIMMERMAN.

Metrical Translations

FROM THE

German and English Classics

AND FROM THE

Irish and Scotch Dialects

INTO THE

Pennsylvania German

BY

THOMAS C. ZIMMERMAN,

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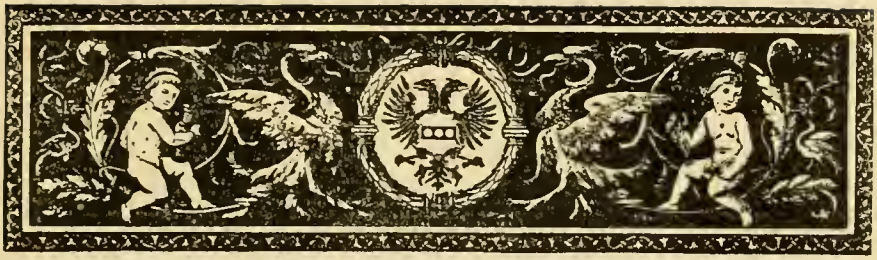


INTRODUCTION.

IN these translations an effort has been made to show, in a measure at least, the compass and flexibility of the Pennsylvania-German vernacular for metrical expression, and while the results give ample evidence of the inherent limitations of the dialect, yet, to the mind of the translator, enough has been evolved to show that, whatever the shortcomings, a reasonable success has been attained in the conversion of a variety of well-known specimens of distinctive poetical literature, representing a number of diverse national characteristics.

Recourse has been had, by way of experiment, to selections made at random from the Irish, Scotch, English and German tongues, and from the Greek Anthology; these in turn embracing humorous, pathetic, didactic and dialectic poems, as well as poems apostrophic of the tender passion. Among the selections are poems by Longfellow, Tom Hood, Heine, Barry Cornwall, Oliver Goldsmith, George P. Morris, Clement C. Moore; some anonymous poems

from magazine literature—the wide range of subjects intended, as already stated, to show the capabilities of the vernacular for metrical expression.

A further effort has been made in these translations to not only reproduce, feebly it may be, the rhythmical niceties of the originals, but to preserve, as nearly as possible, their respective idiomatic expressions. While fully realizing the smoothness, in the rhythmical construction in his translations, of some of the original work done by Harbaugh, Fisher, Grumbine and others, the translator was handicapped in not being able to invest his work with creations of his own fancy through which he might have gained a more comprehensive diction, and with it a wider latitude of expression. By reason of this he was at a disadvantage in the very nature of his literary undertaking, viz., to overset, in so far as he was able, into the cognate Pennsylvania German, the lingual equivalent, in rhyme and sense, of the poems selected by him for such conversion.

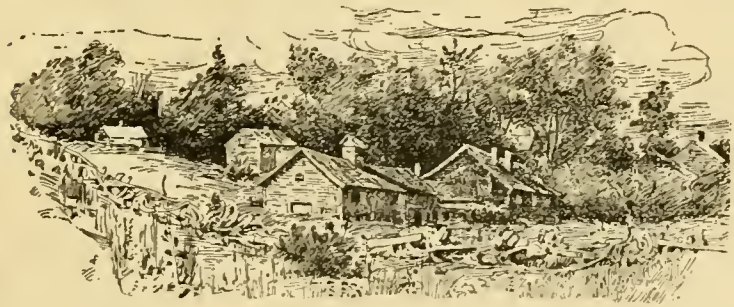
The difficulty of such a performance will be apparent when it is remembered that there is no grammar nor settled orthography to enable writers and translators of the dialect to give adequate form and color to their creations and translations. These, therefore, are necessarily sometimes crude, occasionally awkward, yet intelligible to the average student of the dialect.

The translator of the poems herewith presented, has chosen what to him seemed the best orthographic vehicle for the presentation of his work, viz., a general conformation to the spelling of the German, and not to the phonetic form employed by some writers in the dialect; in other words, he adopted the same orthography as is used in the Allemanische Gedichte, and by those literary worthies, Harbaugh and Fisher. Indeed, the adoption of this form

of spelling was warmly urged upon the translator of these poems by the late Professor Haldeman, of philological fame.

Among those who by words of praise encouraged the making of these translations, and later on stimulated the further prosecution of this work, might be mentioned, in addition to the philologist just named, Hon. Andrew D. White, Minister Plenipotentiary to Germany; the late Gen. Simon Cameron; Prof. M. A. Learned, professor of German in the University of Pennsylvania; the late Rev. B. M. Schmucker, D.D., eminent in the literature of the Lutheran Church of America; the late P. F. Rothermel, celebrated in the art annals of Europe and America; Henry L. Fisher, Esq., whose admirable contributions to Pennsylvania-German literature easily place him among the most gifted and fertile writers in the dialect, besides numerous others whom it is unnecessary to mention.

"The Bonnie George Campbell"—the subject of the first translation—is a well-known Scotch poem partly compiled and partly written by William Motherwell, who published it in his "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," in the year 1827. Subsequently it was translated into German by O. L. B. Wolff, from whose version Longfellow translated it into English. It is Longfellow's rendition that the writer of this has selected for conversion into Pennsylvania-German.



THE BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

HIGH on the Highlands,
And deep in the day,
The good George Campbell
Rode free and away.
All saddled, all bridled,
Gay garments he wore;
Home came his good steed,
But he nevermore.

Out came his mother,
Weeping so sadly;
Out came his beauteous bride
Weeping so madly.
All saddled, all bridled,
Strong armor he wore;
Home came the saddle,
But he nevermore.

My meadow lies green,
Unreaped is my corn,
My garner is empty,
My child is unborn.
All saddled, all bridled,
Sharp weapons he bore;
Home came the saddle,
But he nevermore!

MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.

MY Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,
But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,
And, for blushing, no rose can come near her;
In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,
That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part,—
Unless I can find one that's dearer.

DER GUT DSCHORG CAMPBELL.

HOCH uf d' Hochländer,
Und dief in em Tag,
Der gut Dschorg Campbell
Reit frei, wie er mag.
All g'satteldt, all 'zaamt,
Schöne Kleder tragt er;
Heem kummt sei guter Gaul,
Doch er nimmermehr.

Raus kummt sei Mutter—
Sie wein'd so herzlich;
Raus kummt sei schöne Fraa—
Sie wein'd awer schmerzlich.
All g'sattled, all 'zaamt,
En schtark Schildt tragt er,
Heem kummt der Sattel,
Doch er nimmermehr.

Mei Wiss, sie ligt grü,
's Welshkorn's net g'erndt,
Mei Haüsel ist leer,
Ungebore mei Kindt.
All g'sattledt, all 'zaamt,
Scharfe Waffe tragt er,
Heem kummt der Sattel,
Doch er nimmermehr.

MEI MOPSY IS KLEE.

MY Mopsy is brau, un' my Mopsy is klee,
Wie Woll fon d' Pershing sin ihr Backe so schö,
Un' for blusche, ke Ros gebts 's frischer is;
En Nett hot sie g'wowe so gans rum meim Herz,
Ich kan fon mei Mopsy nimme geh unne Schmerz,
'Xcept een' wär zu finne 's besser is.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,
And her eye from its orb gives a daylight so clear,
That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her;
Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net,
And her lips, oh their sweetness I ne'er shall forget—
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,
'Tis her mind, 'tis that language whose eloquent tone
From the depths of the grave could revive one;
In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,
I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb—
Unless I could meet with a live one.

From the Greek Anthology.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

SHE is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy—
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while.

Ihr Schtim hat Music 's bleibt uf 'm Ohr,
Un' ihr Aug gebt 'n Helling wie d'r Dag, sis so klor —
  Es f'rblind mich so g'schwind as ich bei ihr bin;
Ihr Ring'l so krollich, wie 'm Cupid's sei Nett,
Un' ihr Leftz, oh! so süss — die f'rgess ich doch net —
  Bis kumm ich uf onere 's süsser sin.

Doch 'sis net ihr Schönheit 's ziegt mich allee,
'Sis ihr Meind, sis ihr Schproch so wunderbar schö,
  Das kennt 'aus em Grab eens ufwecke;
So schwör ich gewiss, wan d'r Dot wär ihr schtrof,
Do deht ich mei dotes Lieb d'schine im Grab —
  'Xcept 'n Lewendige kennt ich a'hdreffe.

DIE JUNG WITFRAA.

BLÖD is sie und doch net mäfig,
  Frei und ruhig, doch net bold;
Wie en Appel, reif un' märb;
  Net zu jung und net zu alt;
Halb einladig, halb repulsig,
  Now zurück und now 'n Schritt fohr —
Es hot Schade in ihr Dimp'l,
  In ihr Auge is Gefohr.

B'kannt is sie mit mänshlig Wege;
  G'lern'd in all ihr Künst un' Scherz';
G'numme hot sie ihr *Diploma*
  Als de Mäshtern alle Herz'.
Sie kan's nenne wan zu seufze —
  Wan zu lache — for die Leut;
Angenehm's delmol's en Mädel;
  Awer'n Witfraa all die Zeit.

Are you sad? How very serious
Will her handsome face become!
Are you angry? She is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb!
Are you mirthful? How her laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out!
She can lure and catch and play you
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise,
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love-look in your eyes,
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall;
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

Anonymous.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,
When a' the weary world to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers from my ee,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me well, and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething else beside;
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a week but only twa,
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was stown awa';
My mither she fell sick and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work and my mither couldna spin,
I toiled day and night but their bread I couldna win;

Seit ihr traurig? Guk, wie ernshtlig
Schein'd ihr G'sicht raus wie'n Blum!
Seit ihr zörnig? Sie's armselig,
Einsam, freundlos, thränfoll, dumm!
Seit ihr luschtig? Hör! ihr G'lächter
Sound wie Silver — ringt wie'n Bell!
Sie kan lucka, fang' un shpiele
Wie der Fisher duht Farell'.

Ihr alt Bach'lors Johre fertzig,
Wu so frech un' g'scheit eich trag',
Yung Amerikaner fon zwanzig,
Mit 'em Lieblicht in 'em Aug,
Ihr mächt brauche alle Weisheit
Cupid g'lehrt hot zeit dem Fall;
Ich ken, doch, en klene Witfraa,
Die gewinnt und fooled eich all.

DER ALT ROBIN GREY.

WAN die Küh sin daheem, und im Fald all die Schof,
Wan all die müde Welt ligt dief schun im Schlof;
Das Schmerz fon mein Herz fallt in Showers fon meim Aug,
Weil my guter Mann sound by mir laag.

Jung Dschimmy liebt mich gut, und sucht mich for sei Fraa,
Awer 'xcept 'n Kron hot er gar nix nevedra;
Zu mache die Kron 'n Pund geht mei Dschimmy uf es Meer,
Und die Kron und 's Pund war bede for mir.

Er war net 'n Woch aweck 'xcept juscht en paar,
Wan mei Fatter 'brecht sei Arm, und die Kuh g'schtole war;
Mei Mutter sie wärt krank, und mei Dschimmy's uf 'm See,
Und mich zu karresiere kummt der alt Robin Grey.

Mei Fatter kan net schaffe—my Mutter kan net schpinne,
Ich blog mich Dag und Nacht, doch ihr Brod kan ich net g'winne;

Auld Rab maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, will ye marry me?

My heart it said nay, I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck;
The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jamie die?
And why do I live to say, wae is me?

My father urged me sair, though my mither didna speak,
She looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, though my heart was on the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead, but I am no like to die:
And why do I live to say, wae is me?

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin;
I darena look on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

— *Lady Anne Lyndsay.*

SING, MAIDEN, SING!

SING, maiden, sing!
Mouths were made to sing;
Listen — songs thoul't hear
Through the wide world ringing;
Songs from all the birds,
Songs from winds and showers,
Songs from seas and streams,
Even from sweet flowers.

Alt Bob enered sie bede, und mit Dreene in seim Aug,
Sagt, Dschenny, for dei Eldre's *sake*, heiersht du mich, sag?

Mei Herz 's sagt nee, weil for Dschimmy guk ich noch;
Es Schiff es war 'n *Wreck*, for der Wind er blosed hoch;
Es Schiff es war 'n *Wreck*, for was is Dschimmy hier?
Warum lew' ich noch zu sage, Weh is mir?

Mei Fatter press'd mich hardt, die Mutter schwetzt ken Wort',
Sie gukt in mei G'sicht bis mei Herz schier g'broche hat;
Sie gewe ihm mei Hand, doch mei Herz war uf'm Meer,
Und alt Robin Grey is en guter Mann zu mir.

Ich war net 'n Fraa g'wesst bis juscht so Woche fier,
Do sitz ich 'mol so traurig on meiner egene Dühr;
See ich mei Dschimmy's Geischt—for Er is g'wiss net hier—
Bis sagt er, Ich kum zurück, Lieb—now heire wolle mir.

G'grüst hen mir fiel, und fiel hen mir g'sad;
Mir nemme juscht 'n Küss, und reisst funoner grad;
Ich wut ich wär dot, awer die Zeit is noch net hier;
Warum lew' ich noch zu sage, Weh is mir?

Ich geh wie en Geischt, und ferlong net zu schpinne;
Ich därf net denk' an Dschimmy, for sel deht ich sinne;
En gute Fraa zu sei will ich doch my bescht browier',
For alt Robin Grey is en guter Mann zu mir.

SING, MÄDEL, SING!

Sing, Mädel, sing!
  Mäuler wär g'macht für singe;
Horch—G'song hörscht du
  Dorch die weit Welt ringe;
G'song von all die Vögel,
  G'song von Schauers und Wind,
G'song von See und Schtrom—
  Ach, die süsse Blume singt.

Hearest thou the rain,
How it gently falleth?
Hearest thou the bird,
Who from the forest calleth?
Hearest thou the bee
O'er the sunflower ringing?
Tell us, maiden, *now*—
Shouldst thou not be singing?

Hearest thou the breeze
'Round the rose-bud sighing?
And the small sweet rose
Love to love replying?
So shouldst *thou* reply
To the prayer we're bringing;
So that the bud, thy mouth,
Should burst forth in singing!

—*Barry Cornwall.*

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'TWAS the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in 'kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;

Hörscht du den Rege,
  Wie er sachtlich fallt?
Hörscht du den Vogel,
  Der vom Busch 'raus schallt?
Hörscht die Imme, du,
  Uever die Sunnblum' ringe?
Saagt uns, Mädel, *now* —
  Setscht du net 'mol singe?

Hörscht du net des schtilles Wind
  Seufze um die Rose dort?
Und die gleene süsse Rose,
  Die wu Lieb' zu Lieb' antwort?
So setscht *du* als Antwort mache
  Den G'bed', wu mir dir bringe;
Dass der Rose-Knopf, dei Maul,
  Ufschpringe deht mit Singe!

DIE NACHT FOR DE CHRISCHDAAG.

'S waar die Nacht for de Chrischdaag und dorch es gans Haus
Verreegt sich ke' Thierli, net emol en Maus;
Die Schtrümp waare schnock im Schornschte gehunke,
In der Hoffning der "Nick" deht graad runner dschumpe;
Die Kinner so schnock waare all schö im Bett,
Von Zuckerschleck draame un was mer, doch, wött;
Die Mamme im Schnupduch un ich in der Kapp,
Hen uns juscht hi geleegt for'n lang Winter's Nap —
Dan draus in 'm Hof waar so 'n dunnerse Jacht,
Dass ich ufg'schprunge bin zu sehne wär's macht.
An's Fenschter graad schpring ich so schnell wie'n Flasch,
Die Läde ufg'risse, ufg'schmisse die Sasch!
Der Moond uf die Bruscht dem neug'fallne Schnee
Macht Helling wie Mitdaag, üwwer alles, so schö.

When, what to my wond'ring eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name,—
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Pranzer and Vixen!
On Comet! on Cupid! on Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys — and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk.

Im e' Aageblick kummt, jetz, un rund wie e' Kersch,
E' Fuhrmann im Schlidde un acht kleene Hersch —
E' Männli in Pelze, so freundlich un frei —
'Hab graadeweck g'wüsst 's muss der Pelznickel sei!
Wie Aadler, so schnell, sin die Herschlin zusamme,
Un er peift un'r ruuft, un'r nennt sie mit Naame:
"Jetz Dascher! jetz Danzer! jetz Pranzer! jetz Vixen!
Un Komet! un Kupid! un Dunder! un Blitzen!'
An der *Porch* isch er nuff, um die Mauer gefalle—
"Jetz schpringt aweck! schpringt aweck! schpringt aweck alle!"
Wie laab for'm e' Windschtorm — der wildscht das mer seht,
Wann ebbes im Weeg isch un's himmelwerts geht,
Zum Hausgiwwel nuf sin die Herschlin wie g'floge,
Mit'm Schlidli foll Sach un der "Nick" mit gezoge;
Im e' Aageblick hörscht uf'm Dach — owwedrowe —
En Gescheer un Gedanz wie mit höl'zene Glowwe.
Mei Kop zieg ich nei, guk um mich im Haus —
Un im Schornschte, do kummt'r wahrhaftig schun raus!
Mit Peltze ferwickelt fon Kop biz zum Fuus,
Un alles ferschnuttelt mit Aesche un Ruus!
Uf'm Buckel en Bundel foll allerhand G'schpiel —
'S hat geguckt wie 'm Kremer sei Kramm artlig fiel.
Sei Maul, wie 'n Kersch, un sei Dimple die lache —
Sei Aage, die blinzle, und wie Rosa sei Backe.
Gans rund war sei Mäuli un roth wie die der Klee,
Un's Schnurbärdli weiss wie woll, oder Schnee:
En schtumpiges Peifli, fescht zwische de Zeh,
Un der schmook schteigt in Ringlin so schö in die Höh.
Sei G'sichtli so breed, un sei Bäuchli e' bissel
Ueverm Lache hot g'shittelt wie Dschelly in der Schüssel.
So dick un so rund war des luschtige Elfge,
Muss lache, graad aus, un kan's gaar net helfe.
Sei Köpli waar eifrig un schwätzig mit Nücken —
Sei Aage, gaar freundlich mit Blinzele un Blicken;

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

—*Clement C. Moore.*

A NEW CASABIANCA.

THE boy lay in his little bed,
Though oft his mother called;
"Get up! come down to breakfast, Fred!
Get up!" his father bawled.

Yet quiet and serene he lay,
As though he heard them not;
Opossum did the youngster play,
Though things were getting hot.

The time passed on — he did not start,
But took another nap;
His father up the stairs did dart
And gave his door a rap.

He cried aloud, "Say, Freddie, say!
Why don't you leave your bed?"
But silently young Freddie lay,
As though he were quite dead.

"Speak, Freddie," once again he cried,
"For I must soon be gone;
And" — but a lusty snore replied —
Pa's patience nearly gone.

Up to his face quick ran the blood,
He tore his auburn hair,
A moment at the doorway stood,
In still, yet deep despair.

Die Schtrümp hot 'r g'fill't, un mit frölichem Braus,
Da schpringt inschtandig, den Schornschte hinaus;
Schpringt uf sei Schlütte, zu sei Fuhr gebt 'n Piffel,
Dann fliege sie fort wie Duun fon der Dischtel:
Doch eb' er gans fort waar, sei Gruss hat er g'macht —
"En herrliche Chrischdaag! un zu alle, Guut Nacht!"

'N NEUES "CASABIANCA."

DER Bu leg't in sei' klenes Bett,
Doch oft sei Mutter ruft;
"Schte uf!" kumm g'schwind zum Breakfast, Fred!
"Schte uf!" der Fater ruft.

Doch leg't 'r sich g'mütlich hie,
As wan er nix deht hörre;
'Possum hot der kle Kerl g'shpielt,
Wan 'a'h shund hes Sach' wörre.

Die Zeit geht a'h — g'schtert is er net,
Awer nemmt anonerer *Nap;*
Sei Fater nuf die Schteg get 'mol
Und gebt die Dhür en *Rap.*

Er g'reisht gans loud: "Sag, Freddie, sag!
For was ferloscht net's Bett?"
Awer ruhig lig't der Freddie noch,
As wan er Schterwe deht.

"Schwetz, Freddie," ruft noch 'mol er,
"For ich muss g'schwind op sei;
Und" — 'n guter schnorricks war's Antwort all' —
Pap's G'dult war shier forbei.

Sei G'sicht f'rferb't sich roth wie Feir,
Er f'reisst sei rothes Haar,
'N Minut' schtet er in die Dhür —
Dem Freddie drot G'fohr.

And shout again, with thunderous knock,
"Young scoundrel, do you hear?"
While in the hall loud ticked the clock,
That grated on his ear.

With angry push, he opened th' door.
And slammed it to again;
With noisy strides across the floor,
To the bed he walked amain.

Then came a sound like threshing wheat,
Or butcher tendering steak;
Hear screams! hear moans! hear scampering feet!
Ah, Freddie is awake.

A ringing bell, a mother's call,
May sometimes rouse a lad;
But the only sure thing, after all,
Is a father when he's mad.

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE 'ROUND THEE.

WHEN other friends are 'round thee,
And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crown'd thee,
More fresh and green than mine,
Then think how sad and lonely
This doting heart will be,
Which, while it throbs, throbs only,
Beloved one, for thee.

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's changing sea;
And whate'er fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

—*George P. Morris.*

Er ruft noch 'mol, mit 'n dun'rich Klopf,
"Yung Rascal, hörscht du net?"
Weil in 'm Hall loud tick'd die Uhr,
Als wan sie schpotte deht.

Im Zörn macht er die Dhür now uf,
Un' schlägt sie zu das gracht;
Mit schwerer Schritt grat iwers Floor,
Zum Bett laaft er mit Macht.

Wie Weetze dresche kummt 'n Sound,
Wie Schtek as g'hammert is;
Hörscht greishe! heile! Feesz das schpringe!
Ah! der Freddie's wacker g'wiss.

N' Bell 's ringt, 'n Mutter 's greischt,
'Weck'd alsmol en Bu — wie 'r g'lern'd is —
Doch 's eenzig sure ding, alles g'sat,
Is 'n Fater as recht f'rzörnt is.

WAN AN'RE FREUNDE RHUM DICH SIN.

WAN an're Freunde rhum dich sin,
Un' an're Herz sin dein,
Wan an're Lorbeer krönt dei Kop
Meh frisch un grü 's mein,
D'no denk wie schwer un' einsam
Das liebfoll Herz musz sei,
Das, weil es klopt, klopt juscht for dich,
Beliebt—und so setz sei'.

Doch denk net das ich dich net trau,
Ich wes du bleibscht mir trei;
Ich wet net lewe unnig dich
For all' 's die Welt hot frei.
Du bischt die Schtern' das mich beweist
An 's Lewes weschslig Meer;
Was immer Schicksal bringt zu mir
Mei Herz dreht al's zu der.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite —
The dog it was that died.

— *Oliver Goldsmith.*

'N TRAUR-GEDICHT UF'N DOTER WÜDIGER HUND.

IHR gute Leut, fon alle Sort,
Gebt Ohr' mol zu meim Sang,
Und wan ihr find 's wärt arrig karz,
Es halt eich g'wiss net lang.

In Eilington do war 'n Mann,
For den die Welt ufschtet,
Das shtill en gotlich *Race* er schpringt,
Wan er ans Bede geht.

En gut un' liebreich Herz hot er,
F'r Freund und Feind uflewe;
Die Nackich alle Dag kled er
Wan er dhut a'h sei Kleder.

In seller Schtat do war'n Hund —
Wie's feele Hund gebt dort —
Hund jung un' alt, del wüscht, del schö,
Un' Hund fon d' schleschte Sort.

Der Hund un' Mann am erscht war Freund,
Awer Freund warre sie net lang;
Der schpeitfol Hund 'mol wüdig wärt,
Und geht und beisz'd der Mann.

Gans rhum fon all' die nexschte Schtros'
Die wun'rig Nochbore "reise,"
Un' g'schwor' d'r Hund hot ken Ferschtand,
So 'n guter Mann zu beisze.

Die Wund sie scheint so arrig weh,
Zu jedem Chrischtlig Aug;
Der Hund, schwöre sie, gans wüdig is,
Un' das der Mann a'h schterwe mag.

Doch g'schwind 'n Wunner kummt, des weisz'd
Wie delmols mann bedroge is;
Der g'biszne Mann wärt g'sund fom Beisz' —
Der Hund 's war das g'schtorwe is.

CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faucht and din,
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues;
Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak,
I try to gie a froon;
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly haid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
They stop awee the soun'—
Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance;
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks;
He'd bother half the toon,
But aye I hap them up, and cry;
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle down!"

At length they hear their father's fit;
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa'
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

LEG'T EICH HIE.

DIE Kinner lege hie 's Nachts
Mit Jacht und Fechterei;
"Browier und schloft, ihr wack'rich Schelm,
Euer Fater kummt jetzt rei."
Sie höre net 'n Wort's ich sag,
Ich guk jetzt bös an sie;
Doch heif ich immer uf, und schrei,
"Oh, Kinner, leg't eich hie!"

Kle Dschimmy, mit 'm krollich Kop —
Er schloft nexsht zu der Wand —
Bänged uf und greisht, "Ich will 'n Schtück"—
Er schtört sie all — oh, Schand!
Ich schpring und holl'ne Schtücke, Drinks —
Am Sound ufhere sie —
D'no zieg ich's Blänket uf, und schrei,
"Now, Klene, leg't eich hie."

Ep finf' Minut' dhut der kle Bob
Fon unnich die Deck raus krehe:
"Mutter, mach Tom grat niwer gee,
Er kitztelt mit sei Zehe."
Der Deihenker is im Tom for *Tricks;*
Er's wild as junges Füh;
Doch heif ich immer uf, und schrei,
"Oh, Kinner, leg't eich hie!"

Now, höre sie glei ihr Fater's Füsz;
Und wie die d' Dhür neiwende,
Ihr G'sicht' sie drehe gege die Wand,
Weil schnorricks' dhut der Tom pretende.
"Wärn all die Klene gut?" frogt er —
Sei Schuh dhut er ablege —
"Die Kinner, Dschon, sin in ihr'm Bett,
Und long schund hie g'lege.

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle down!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He, who sits aboon,
Aye, whisper, though their pows be bauld,
Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

BABY MINE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny tae,
Nae stocking on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double dimpled chin;
Her puckered lips and baumy mou,
With nae one tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has na wings!

She is the budding of our love,
A giftie God gied us:
We munna love the gift owre well,
'Twad be no blessing thus.

Juscht ep ins Bett mir selver sin,
  Guk 'mir an jedich Lamm —
Tom hot sei Arm rhum klee Bob's Halz,
  Und Bob sei Arm rhum Tom.
Ich helf 'm Dschimmy uf in's Bett,
  Und wie ich schtreich' all sie,
Do pish'prich, bis mei Herz uffillt,
  "Oh, Kinner, leg't eich hie!"

Die Kinner lege hie 's Nachts
  Mit Fröd — und so söts sei —
Die Welt ihr Sarg und Angscht kummt g'schwind,
  Dan is die Fröd forbei.
Doch, kumm was mag zu ennich eens,
  Mag Er, hoch owich sie,
Pish'pre, do ihr Köp sin blut,
  "Oh, Kinner, leg't eich hie!"

BEWI MEIN.

KE' Schu ferhehlt ihr klene Zehe,
  Ke' Schtrümp uf ihre Füsz,
Ihr Knechel sin so weisz wie Schnee,
  Oder frühe Blühschte, süss.

Ihr klenes Putz fon g'schprinkelt Pink.
  Ihr doppelt 'dimplet Kinn;
Ihr faltig Lefts und süsses Maul,
  Und ohne 'n Zah darin.

Ihr Auge wie ihr Mutter ihre,
  Zwe mild und freundlich Dinge;
Ihr G'sicht is wie 'n Engel's G'sicht —
  Froh's Flügel hot sie kenne.

Sie is es Blühe uns're Lieb,
  En Gottes-g'schenk, und O!
Doch üwer liewe muss mer net,
  Sunscht wär's ke' Sege so.

JOHN JANKINS'S SERMON.

THE minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peter and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin';
I don't think much of a man that gives
The Lord amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth
Not once, after that, to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister —
Of course I said it quiet —
Give us some more of this open talk;
It's very refreshing diet.

DSCHON DSCHANKINS'S PREDICH.

DER Predicher sagt letscht Nacht, sagt er,
"Fericht eich net zu gewe;
Wan euer Lewe's nix zu anner Leut is,
Dan was is' die use fon lewe?"
Und sell's was ich sag zu meiner Fraa, sag ich,
Dort's d'r Brau — armselicher Sinner —
Deht liewer 's 'n Bettler ferhung'ra deht
'S 'n Benz gewe geich 'n Dinner.

Ich sag unser Predicher's *prime*, er is,
Awer net ganz klor kan ich's macha
Wie 'rsne gewe hot, recht und links,
Juscht wär war bei ihm g'troffe.
Of course, 'n mishteek hot's net kenne sei
Wie er g'schwetzt fon lang-windich Bede,
For Peters und Dschonson hen saur-g'sicht g'macht
An alle Worte fom Rede.

Un' der Predicher geht aw zu sage,
"Sin' etliche Weg for B'scheise,
Un' *Religion's* es gut for alle Dag
'S es is in die Meetin' Haüse.
Ich denk net fiel fum a Mann 's dhut
Amens 'm Predich ausziege,
Und schpent sei Zeit im nechste Woch
In B'scheise und Betrüge.

Ich denk sell *Dose* war bitter genunk
For 'n Mann wie d'r Dschones zu nemme;
Sei Maul for greische hot 'r nimme ufg'macht —
Net emol 's ich habs g'sehne.
Hurrah, sag ich, for der Predicher —
'S war shtill g'saagt, net g'grische —
Geb' uns meh fon dem freie g'schwetz;
'S is Schpeise arg frische.

The minister hit 'em every time;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's ruling passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a nudgin' my wife, and, says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her a-thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But a man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Wouldn't take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not sot here a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by using their friends
As sort o' moral umbrellas.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers',
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin'
And lots of lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a bilin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gittin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him when meetin's out that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

D'r Predicher treft sie allemol;
Un' wie er schwetzt fon *Fashion*,
Un' riggin' aus mit *Bows* un' so,
'S Weibsleit's gröschte *Passion*,
Un' kummt 'n die Kärrich die Schtyles zu see',
Hab ich ewe g'wunke,
Un' g'nudged my Fraa, un' g'sat, "Sel's dich" —
Ich denk sel schtert ihr G'danke.

Sag ich zu mir selver, sel Predich's *pat;*
Awer Mann's en *queer Creation*,
Un' ich färich mich fiel 's die menschte Leut
Nemme net die *Application*.
Nau wan 'r Wort oder so g'sat het
Wege meine egene Sinne,
Wer ich grat gange mich selver zu rechte
Un' net do g'sutze un' grinne.

Juscht d'no, sagt der Porre, d'no sagt er,
"Un' now zu die Kerls juscht kumm ich,
Wu die *Shower* ferliere un' nemme ihr Freund
'S 'n sort fon *Umbrell'-moralisch*.
Geh Heem," sagt er, "un' findt euer Fehler
'Stat suche for euer Brüder ihre.
Geh Heem," sagt er, "un' du d' Reck a'h
Ihr uf an're Leut wet browiere."

G'nudged hot my Fraa, g'wunke hot der Brau,
Un lache — 's war ewe fiel de'fu —
An uns're Sitz hen ewe fiel Leut g'gukt,
'S mei Blud hot sich recht g'kocht dezu.
Zu mir selver, sag ich, unser Predicher
Wärt aufonge a bissel bitter;
Ich sag's ihm wan die Meetin' aus is
Ich bin net so'n sart fon a *Critter*.

A LOVE SONG.

OCH, Nora, so swate, an' so purty, the darlint!
Her cheeks are like pinks shinin' out av the snow;
An' her chin — och, my heart, the dimple that's in it! —
An' eyes that say yis when her lips utter no.

Her form it is iligant, trim-like, an' slinder;
An' look at the flowers that are harkin' all 'round
To hear is she comin', wid kisses so tinder
To give her white fut as it touches the ground!

An' oft do I mind the furst hour of our meetin' —
The baste of a dog, he had frighted her so;
She sprang to my arms, her poor heart wildly beatin'
Wid fear; but i' faith, not a bit did I know

What it was ailin' mine — sich a stir an' commotion
Inside of my chist, where her purty head lay,
While my breath came in whirls, like the breath of the ocean,
An' tripped up the words I was wantin' to say.

An' here am I waitin' an hour in the gloamin'
Wid cruel lone spells sinkin' down in my heart;
Hist! that is hersilf now, so craftily comin'
To tase a poor lad wid her guile an' her art.

But ye'll not git away, sure, my beautiful daisy;
Rest here in the arms that are lovin' and strong.
Kape still now, mavourneen, ye'd better be aisy —
Some other big dog might be comin' along.

THE ROAD TO SLUMBERLAND.

WHAT is the road to Slumberland? and when does the baby go?
The road lies straight through mother's arms when the sun is sinking low.

E'N LIEB G'SANG.

ACH Nora, ach Liebling, so schö un' so süss!
Ihr Bocke, sie scheine wie Pinks aus'm Schnee;
Un' ihr Kinn — ach mei Herz, der Dimp'l wu drin is!
Un' Auge 's "Jah" sage wan ihr Lefts sage "Ne."

Ihr Form is sehr lieblich, din un' so niedlich;
Die Blume sie horche — sehnt ihr — all rund
Zu hör' ep sie kummt, mit Küsse so lieblich
Ihr weis Fusz zu gewe wan's a'hregt der Grund!

Oft meind ich die Schtund — 's alle erscht unser *Meetin'* —
Der rascally Hund — 'mol ferschrect er sie so;
Zu meine Aerm is sie g'shprunge, ganz wild 'm Herz drin
Mit Aengschte all üwer; awer, werklich, do

Kummt mir's net fohr das mit meim eppes letz is —
So'n *Commotion* im Bruscht wu g'rugt hot ihr Kop;
In Wherl kummt mei Odum wie d'r Odum fom See is,
Und *tripped* uf die Worte ich zu sage hab g'hat.

Hier wahrt ich en Schtund oder so in 'm Duschper,
Mit trau'riche Schpell das im Herz nunner geht;
Schtill! sell's sie selver nau — kummt sie so schlei
'N arme Kerl zu bloge in ihr betrüg'nes Weg.

Aweck, awer net, kumscht mei *Daisy* so schö;
Ru'g hier in die Aerm so schtarg und rund,
Halt shtill nau, my Liebling, ganz ruhig musht sei,
Uf'm Weg kummt ferleicht anonerer Hund.

DER WEG NOCH SCHLUMMERLAND.

WU is der Weg noch Schlummerland? un' wan dhut's Bewi geh?
Der Weg ligt dorch d' Mutter ihr Aerm wan die Sun's am unnergeh.

He goes by the drowsy "land of nod" to the land of "lullaby,"
When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, under the evening sky.

A soft little nightgown, clean and white; a face washed sweet and fair;
A mother brushing the tangles out of the silken, golden hair.

Two little tired, satiny feet, from the shoe and stocking free;
Two little palms together clasped at the mother's patient knee.

Some baby-words that are drowsily lisped to the tender Shepherd's ear;
And a kiss that only a mother can place on the brow of her baby dear.

A little round head which nestles at last close to the mother's breast,
And then the lullaby, soft and low, singing the song of rest.

And closer and closer the blue-veined lids are hiding the baby-eyes,
As over the road to Slumberland the dear little traveler hies.

For this is the way, through mother's arms, all little babies go
To the beautiful city of Slumberland when the sun is sinking low.

SONGS.

Herewith are given two songs from Heine, which have already undergone a translation from the pure German into the English. The latter have been selected for conversion into the Pennsylvania-German:

I.

Warm summer dwells upon thy cheeks
  And in thy dancing eyes;
But in thy little heart, fair child,
  Cold, frosty winter lies.

Es geht beïm schläfrige Schlummerland-Weg in d' Aerm oder lullende Wiege,
Wan all die Lämmer sin sicher im Hirt, un' unne'm Himmel liege.

En klenes Nach-kütli, sauwer un' weisz; en G'sicht g'wäschc süss und klor,
En Mutter die bürscht die Hudle aus 'm Bewi sei goldne Hor.
Zwe klene, müde, seid'ne Füsz, fon Schu un' Schtrümp ganz frei;
Zwe klene Händlin ganz schö umfange uf der liewe Mutter's knie.

Paar Bewi Worte so schläferichli g'lishpt zum barmherziche Hirten Ohr;
Un' en Kuss das juscht e'n Mutter kan gewe uf'm Bewi sei Schtern — 'sis wohr.
En kle rund Köpli neschteld sich der Mutter ihr Bruscht nähgscht zu,
Un dan's Schlummergesang, sacht un' schtill — des G'sang der süsse Ruh.

Als meh un' meh sin die Auge ferhalte — als leiser un leiser es Lied;
Als üwer der Weg zu Schlummerland es lieb kle Reisende geht.
Dan des is der Weg dorch der Mutter ihr Aerm, wan die Mutter schö singt un' beet,
Das es Bewi noch'm Schlummerland eilt, wan d' Sun schö unnergeht.

LIEDER.

I.

Warm Summer uf dei Backe bleibt
  Und in dei Auge blitzt;
Doch in deim klenes Herz, schö Kindt,
  Kalt, froschtig Winter sitzt.

Yet these, I think, as years grow on,
Will play a different part;
Then winter on thy cheeks shall be,
And summer in thy heart.

II.

Hast thou forgotten, quite forgotten, dear,
That I possessed thy heart for many a year?
Thy little heart, so small, so false, so sweet,
Sweetest and falsest heart that ever beat.

The love and pain hast thou forgotten, dear,
That weighed upon my heart for many a year?
I know not which was greater of the twain,
Only that they were great, both love and pain.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her being out.

Our very hope belied our fears;
Our fears our hope belied:
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

But when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed; she had
Another morn than ours.

— *Tom Hood.*

Doch, denk ich, wie die Johre gehn
Die schpiel'n anonerscht Dehl;
Dan Winter uf dei Backe kummt,
Und Summer in dei Seel.

II.

Hoscht du fergesse, ganz fergesse, Lieb,
Das ich dei Herz g'hat manches Johr?
Dei klenes Herz, so klee, so falsch, so süss,
Süscht und falschest Herz das jehmals war.

'S Lieb un Schmerz, hoscht du fergesse, Lieb,
Das wäg'd die fiele Johr schon uf mei Herz?
Ich wees net wel's gröschte fon die zwee,
Juscht das sie gross war, bede Lieb und Schmerz.

'S DOTES BEDT.

Ihr Othum watch'd mir dorch die Nacht,
So wie er schteigt und fällt,
Wie in ihr'm Brusht d' G'well fon Lew'
Sich uf und op hot g'schwellt.

So schtill, es schein'd, hen mir g'schwetzt,
So longsam rhum bewegt,
As mir het unsre Krefte g'leent,
's ihr Zeit noch net f'rgeet.

Die Hoffnung macht der Angsht z'r Lieg,
Der Angsht die Hoffnung so;
Mir meent sie 's dot wan sie juscht schloft,
Un schloft wan d'r Dot ist do.

Doch wie der Morje kummt so drieb,
Mit Showre 's frirt uns schir,
Ihr Auge müdt sin zu—sie hot
Anonerer Morje 's mir.

1863

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